

MISSOURI

THE STATE WHERE I WAS BORN.



WORDS BY
CRAIG E. LEWIS
MUSIC BY
SALVATORE J. STOCO

C. A. GRIMM
Music Publisher
CHICAGO

MISSOURI

The State Where I Was Born

Lyric by
CRAIG E. LEWIS

FOX TROT

Music by
SALVATORE J. STOCCO

Moderato



VAMP

VOICE

I've been bus - y all the day - pack ing all my
I've been sav - ing ev - ry day - try - ing hard to

The piano accompaniment for the first vocal line features a steady eighth-note bass line and chords in the right hand.

things a - way. I'm going to beat it: I'm going to cheat it: cheat it all of the
save my pay. There's no use try - ing: no use de - ny - ing: room rent eats it a -

The piano accompaniment continues with a consistent eighth-note bass line and chords.

way _____ In my dreams I hear them call - ing, There's no use of
way _____ Down home there will be no room rent, Down home I won't

The piano accompaniment maintains the eighth-note bass line and chordal accompaniment.

me a stall - ing, Stall - ing when I know they want me Hear what I say. _____
need a red cent, Mon - ey there I'll nev - er need it I'm on my way. _____

The piano accompaniment concludes with a final chord and a double bar line.

REFRAIN

Mis - sou-ri, Mis - sou-ri, the state where I was born — I'm try-ing, yes

try-ing, but can't for-get the morn — that I kissed my ma good - bye — saw a

tear in dad-dy's eye — Gee I'd love to have the chance to fool a gain in school a - gain. Mis -

sou-ri, Mis - sou-ri, the state where I grew up — I'm pin-ing, yes pin-ing — I'd like to

see my yel - low pup — I guess I'll write the folks to - day and let them know I'm

on my way, To Mis - sou-ri, Mis - sou-ri, the state where I was born. — Mis - born. —

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"American Thru and Thru!"

WILLIAM BALTZELL

CHORUS

I call Un-cle Sam my 'Pa'— Hur-rah— for 'Pa'!— Co-lum-bi-a is my 'Ma'— Hur-rah— for 'Ma'!— They've made of me a loy-al son, They taught me how to use a gun, They told me I should nev-er run, but to fight like—well— If trouble should ev-er come— our way— some day— I'd fol-low the fife and drum,— Hur-ray!— Hur-ray!— It is-nt for me to boast or brag, I just want to say I love the flag, For I'm A-mer-i-can thru and thru!— I thru!

In the Good Old United States

Words by
ROGER LEWIS

Music by
HARRY H. MINCER

CHORUS

In Al-a-bam-a— or in Mon-tan-a, In Ill-in-ois or up in— Maine, In Min-ne-so-ta— or North Da-ko-ta— Or in an-y State you name. In Penn-syl-van-ia— on in New Hamp-shire, Out to Fris-co's Gold-en Gates, If you're I-rish, Dutch or Dane, they will treat you all the same In the good old U-ni-ted States. In Al-a-States.

Good Old U. S.

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AND DISTRIBUTOR CHICAGO — — — ILLINOIS

"Come Back To Your Lonesome Gal"

CHORUS

Come back to your lone some Gal, I'm feel ing awf - ly blue ——— Bring the sun - shine to my heart, and let's live life a - new (for I am al - ways lone - ly) How ——— I sigh when you're a way, I miss, you night and

CHORUS Valse Lento

Just An Old Time Song

'Twas just an old time song, ——— Of the long a - go, ——— Bring-ing to. mind each fa-mil-iar face, Of the friends I used to know; ——— Just an old time song, ——— But I'll